

THE COLUMBIAN FOUNTAIN

Pledged to the cause of Temperance.

DAILY.

Containing Articles, original and selected, on every subject calculated to interest, instruct, and benefit its readers.

Volume I.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY ULYSSES WARD.

Number 41.

WASHINGTON, D. C., TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1846.

THE COLUMBIAN FOUNTAIN,

EDITED AND PUBLISHED DAILY
BY ULYSSES WARD.
At One Cent per Number.
Office on Pennsylvania Avenue, a few
doors East of the Railroad.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.
1 square of 14 lines, 1 insertion 37 cts.
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1 " 3 times per week for three
months (with the privilege of
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Printing of every description neatly
executed: such as Books, Pamphlets, Cir-
culars, Cards, Handbills, etc., etc., on as
good terms as at any other office.

To the friends of Temperance and the
public generally we now make our appeal
in behalf of this paper. The publisher
feeling it a matter of importance, to the in-
terest of the Temperance cause in the Dis-
trict, as well as the general interest of the
cause, and having been, as he conceives,
Providentially placed in a situation at this
time when he can mingle this interest with
that of the business men, and thereby ren-
der a double service to the community, and
still further open a medium of communica-
tion by which our principles may be ex-
tended far and wide, at a cheap rate. He
has purchased a printing establishment, so
as not only to be able to put a daily paper
regularly to press, but also a weekly; and
still further, be able to do any other print-
ing the public may be pleased to have done;
and he assures them that they shall have
no cause of complaint. He has made ar-
rangements by which he can devote his
time to the interest of the office and the
paper; and, having employed Mr. Charles W.
Fenton, who will be always on the spot, to
conduct the printing, he has no doubt but
that general satisfaction will be given. We
shall make arrangements to have the earliest
news; also the proceedings of Congress.

We wish all who are indebted for the pa-
per up to this time to pay up, as the affairs
of the tri-weekly must be closed. They
will perceive that we are about to give
them a better paper, double the number, at
the same price.

While the "COLUMBIAN FOUNTAIN" will
be devoted to the cause of Temperance, its
columns will be enriched by original articles
on subjects calculated to interest, instruct,
and benefit its readers. It is intended so to
blend variety, amusement, and instruction,
as that the various tastes of its patrons may
be (as far as it is practicable) gratified.
Commerce, Literature, and Science, and
every other subject of interest, not inconsis-
tent with Temperance and morality, will re-
ceive the earliest attention of the publishers.
Nothing of a sectarian, political, or personal
character will be admitted.

A CARD.

THE subscriber begs leave to say to members
of Congress and others, that he has several
good rooms which he will let on accommodating
terms, either furnished or unfurnished, located on
the South side of Pennsylvania Avenue, between
9th and 10th streets, and equidistant between the
Capitol and the public offices. I have also two of
the best cellars in the city, which I will rent in
part or the whole, or receive goods on storage.
This is a good opportunity for butchers or market
people.
L. S. BECK.

JUST FROM THE MINT!!!

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

L. S. BECK & SON, would take this method
of notifying the citizens of Washington
and the adjacent counties of Maryland and Vir-
ginia, that they have commenced the house fur-
nishing business in all its various branches, on
Pennsylvania Avenue, South side, between 9th
and 10th streets, where they intend keeping a constant
supply of new and second hand goods, and prom-
ise to sell on the most reasonable terms. We
therefore, solicit a call from our friends and the
public generally, as we intend selling at a VERY
SLIGHT PROFIT. We would enumerate in
part the following: Ivory, Buck and Cocoa hand-
led knives and forks; White, Black and Brown
handled do; Carvers, Forks and Steels; Shovels,
Tongs and Pickers; German Silver, Britannia and
Iron, Table, Dessert and Tea Spoons; Ladles,
Skimmers and Forks; Drip and Stove Pans; Stair
Rods; Tea Waiters, assorted sizes; Brass Candel-
sticks; Britannia Tea and Coffee Pots, Writing
Paper, Chopping Axes, Wood Saws and Bucks,
Hatchets, Hearth, sweeping Whitewash, Dusting
Shoe, and Horse Brushes; Britannia and Painted
Spittoons; Adams', Wilson's, Livingston's, and
other Coffee Mills; Mouse Traps, Nutmeg Graters,
Japanese Candelsticks, Lamps, and Tea Caddies,
Snufflers and Trays; Pad, and other Locks
and Keys; Butcher Knives, Bread Baskets, Hand-
saws, Hammers, &c., &c. Also, a good assort-
ment of Holloware, Ovens, Pots, Kettles, Skil-
lets and Griddles; Cider, Shovels, and Coal
Hods; Brass Top Fire Penders; Scissors, Curtain
Rods and Pins; P. M. Saucepans, Cut and
Wrought Nails, Handirons, Sadiroms, &c., &c.,
with an assortment of Cabinet Furniture: such as
Sideboards, Beaureaus, Tables, Chairs, Bedsteads,
and Bedding, Washstands, Bases and Ewers, Chi-
na, Glass, Queens, and Crockery Ware; Carpets
and hearth Rugs; Tin ware, &c., &c.
N. B. All manner of goods received on com-
mission, except Alcoholic Liquors.
Nov 29-45

TALE OF THE SEA.

THE LAST CRUISE OF THE WASP.

BY J. E. DOW.
The wind that rings along the wave,
The clear unshadowed sun,
Are torch and trumpet to the brave,
Whose last green wreath is won.

Holmes.
On a lovely evening in midsummer in the year
1814 a sloop of war appeared off the chops of
the English channel, and stood in towards the shores
of Cornwall. The breeze from the ocean sigh-
ed through the neatly fitted rigging of the bel-
ligerent stranger, and the faint ripple at the bows
gave evidence that she was slowly gliding ahead.
The waves seemed to creep in long unbroken
swells before her, and the lingering glow of sun-
set as it glanced through the valleys of the deep
and rested on their dark green summits, seemed
like the smile of the dying day upon the rolling
prairies of Illinois.

Her sails from sky to water swelled beautif-
ly to the rising shores of merry England; her
ports were shut in; a silence equal to that of a
forsaken bark, reigned through her halls of thun-
der while a solitary battle lantern gleamed at the
cabin door. The tread of the orderly on duty,
alone gave evidence that the gallant vessel was
not a spectre ship—"some gallion freighted with
the dead." Hour after hour lazily rolled away.
The land now began to grow more distinct while
the haze of morning settled deeper upon the shad-
owed water.

At four, A. M., a bright flash appeared where
the shade of the land and the moonlit billow
mingled together, and then one after another, the
gleaming sails of a ship hove in sight.

"Beat to quarters!" thundered the commander
of the American vessel, for such was the charac-
ter of the stranger, and then as quick as thought
the silence of the vessel was broken by the shrill
notes of the fife, the tread of armed men, the tri-
ling up of ports, the rattling of cannon shot in the
locks, and the running out of heavy ordnance.

The chase now showed English colors, turned
swiftly upon her heel, and ran up the private
signal of the channel fleet.

"Show them the stars," cried the immortal
Blakely. "Forecastle there."

"Aye, aye," replied the master's mate.

"Are you all ready with the bow gun?"

"All ready, sir."

"Luff, quarter, master."

"Luff it is, sir," said the old salt at the helm.

"Stand by forward—Fire!"

The sloop yawed gracefully at the command
of the trumpet, and displayed her ensign, which
had been hidden by the mountain of canvas, that
towered before it. A heavy roar followed a vol-
ume of fire and woolly smoke from the American
vessel's bows, and then a sharp and crackling
sound from the chase—as though a heavy body
had fallen from a great height upon a thin lattice
of laths and had passed through it, accompanied
by a cry of agony, that echoed fearfully over
the still waters, told too plainly the work of
bloody death had commenced.

"They have felt the sting of the Wasp," cried
the American captain as he scanned the chase
through the night glass. "Steady your
helm, quarter master, this is but the opening of
the ball."

"Steady so," answered the attentive gunner.

And the gallant sloop was as silent as before.

At fifteen minutes past one, P. M., the Wasp
tacked—the stranger also tacked to preserve the
weather gage. At three, P. M., the enemy bore
down on the Wasp's weather quarter, answered
her cannon of defiance, and stood gallantly down
to close. When within fifty yards of the Amer-
ican, the chase fired a shifting gun from his top-
gallant forecabin, and repeated the same unwell-
come salute for several minutes. This destruc-
tive fire, was, however, borne without a murmur
by the Wasp, which vessel could not bring a
gun to bear on her antagonist. A favorable mo-
ment had now arrived.

"Put your helm down!" shouted Blakely
from the quarter-deck.

In a moment the broadside of his vessel began
to show its teeth upon the enemy, and soon the
stranger received his former double-shotted sal-
ute with interest.

"Haul up the main-sail!" thundered the
deck trumpet.

The order had scarcely died away, before the
heavy sail hung in festoons upon the main-yard.
The fire of the Wasp now became dreadful—
every shot told; and feeling that any risk was
safer than the one he was then running, the cap-
tain of the British cruiser, at forty minutes past
three, ran the Wasp aboard on the starboard
quarter, his larboard bow coming foul. The
English commander, now uttered the magic com-
mand—"Boarders, away!" and placing himself
at the head of his crew, endeavored to carry the
deck of his antagonist. Three times in suc-
cession the attempt was made, and three times the
Americans drove the assailants back with great
slaughter. At the third rush, the gallant cap-
tain of the enemy fell from the Wasp's mizen
rigging while in the act of flourishing his sword—
two bullets had pierced his brain, and he was
dead ere he touched the deck.

At forty-four minutes past three, Captain
Blakely gave the order to board in turn. The
American seamen now started en masse, bounded
over the hammock nettles of the enemy like a
living torrent; and in one minute, amid the
clashing of cutlasses, the sharp reports of board-
ing pistols, the groans of the dying and the yells
of the wounded, were masters of the foe. As the
sword of the dying Manners was laid upon the
captain, the flag of Britain dropt suddenly
upon the bloody deck of the Reindeer; and ere
the spectator could mark the movement, the ban-
ner of freedom floated triumphantly in its place.

The Reindeer was an 18 gun sloop of war,
and had a complement of 118 souls. She had
25 killed and 42 wounded; while the Wasp had
but 5 killed and 22 wounded.

After burning his shattered prize the victori-
ous Blakely shaped his course for L'Orient,
where he arrived on the 8th of July, with his
ensign waving above the tattered flag of Eng-
land, and his vessel crowded with prisoners of war.

France. Having made a few prizes, she stood
farther out to sea, and on the morning of the
first of September, found herself in the midst of
a fleet of merchantmen, under convoy of the Ar-
manda seventy-four.

With his accustomed skill and gallantry, Capt.
Blakely now beat to quarters, and dashed in among
the unsuspecting fleet. A vessel loaded with
guns and military stores was soon captured, and
while the boarding officer was busily engaged
with another, the seventy-four came down upon
the wind and stopped the havoc with her heavy
thunder.

Evening now crept in long and dusky shad-
ows along the silent waters, and the look-out
man from his airy height watched with eager
eyes the horizon around.

The cry of "Sail O!" now roused the officers,
from their evening meal. Busy feet echoed
along the cleared decks, and the shot rack re-
ceived a farther supply of the iron messengers of
death, while the active powder boy stood with a
spare cartridge in his leathern passing box beside
his gun. Four sail now hove in sight, but the
nearest one seeming like a man of war, the Wasp
ran down to speak her.

At twenty minutes past nine the chase was on
her lee bow within hail. A heavy eighteen now
hurled its death dealing shot into the enemy's
bridge port, and swept his deck fore and aft.
The shot was promptly returned by the chase;
when Blakely passing under his lee, fearful lest
he might escape, the wind blowing high, and
the Wasp going ten knots. Having reached the
right position, the gallant little Wasp poured in
a broadside which rattled the enemy's spars and
rigging about his ears, and convinced him of the
true character of the stranger. It was now nine
o'clock at night. Darkness reigned upon the
ocean, save when illumined by the brig's flashes
of musketry; and the heavy roar of cannon udded
away amid the din of the swelling waves. Fu-
rious was the fire of the Wasp, and warm was
the return made by the enemy. It was almost
impossible to tell the officers from the men, as
the smoke and darkness of the hour; and the sea-
men slipped upon the bloody decks as they ran
out their long eighteen. The wind howled
mournfully through the rigging—the vessels
plunged heavily along the agitated deep. As
they came upon the top of corresponding waves,
the practiced gunners fired, and when they rose
again discovered the damage they had done.

For one hour this terrible conflict was kept up
with unmitigated fierceness. At ten the enemy's
fire ceased, and Captain Blakely, leaning over
the quarter, hailed them in a voice louder than
the roaring ocean—
"Have you surrendered?"
No human voice replied—but a few long
eighteens thundered back the emphatic "No!"
A fresh broadside was now poured into the en-
emy, and as the fire was not returned, Blakely
hailed a second time—
"Have you struck?"
A faint "Aye, aye," now came over the wa-
ters, and a boat was at once lowered to take pos-
session of the prize. As the cutter touched the
wave, the look-out man cried:
"Sail O! close aboard!"
The smoke having blown away, another ves-
sel was seen nearing the Wasp. The cutter was
therefore run up to the davits, and the crew sent
again to the guns.

The Wasp was soon in readiness to receive
the second antagonist; but two more sails heaving
in sight astern, the conqueror was forced to
leave his prize.

The helm of the Wasp was therefore put up
and the ship ran off free, in order to repair her
rigging and to draw the nearest vessel of the en-
emy from its consorts.

The second stranger continued her chase of the
Wasp until he got quite near, when she shot
across her stern, gave her a parting broadside,
and beat up towards his consort, whose signal
guns of distress now echoed in melancholy mur-
murs along the midnight deep.

The Wasp left her prize in such haste, as to
be ignorant of her name and force. When the sea
gave up its dead, and the crew of the little Avon
and the little band of Blakely, shall muster
together at the final judgement then, and then
only, shall the conqueror know his vanquished foe.

The Wasp was soon lost amidst the darkness
of the night, while the Castilian, the vessel
that came to the assistance of the enemy, and
her consorts, hovered around the wreck of the
prize, and endeavored to save the crew.
As the morning watch was called the Avon
gave a sudden roll to leeward, then settling
swiftly by the stern, she sank, with a gurgling
sound, while her dead men floated in ghastly and
bloody forms upon the sea. With heavy hearts
the English cruisers lowered their ensigns at
half mast, and left the ocean tomb of their sister,
firing minute guns to the memory of the brave.

Having repaired damages which were princi-
pally in spars and rigging, the Wasp continued
her cruise to the westward, and on the 12th Sep-
tember, fell in with and took the Three Brothers.
After scouting her, she over-hauled and took the
brig Bacchus. This vessel she sent to a
final resting place in cold water. As she neared
the Western Islands an armed brig hove in
sight. Crowding on all sail, the gallant Blakely
fired a shot across her bow, and received her
descending flag as a token of submission. The
vessel proved to be the Atlanta of eight guns,
and nineteen men. Midshipman Geisinger, now
a post-captain in the service, was put on board of
her, and the prize master, and his crew were the
last Americans who beheld the Wasp and her
gallant crew, and lived to tell the tale.

On the 9th of October following, the Swedish
brig Adonis, from Rio, bound to Falmouth, was
boarded by the Wasp in latitude 42 deg. 35 min.
North, longitude 30 deg. 10 min. West, and two
passengers, Lieut. McKnight, and master's mate,
Lyman, late of the gallant Essex, were taken
from her. The Swede then pursued his course,
while the American cruiser continued to the
southward under easy sail. At 4 P. M. her
topmasts dipped into the Southern Ocean; and when
the sun set she was seen no more.

Of the final end of the Wasp, rumor has been
busy with her thousand tongues. At one time
she was said to have been lost upon the desolate
coast of Africa, while her seamen battled with
the Arabs of the desert, then she was said to
have been sunk in a gale off the Spanish shore,
after an action with an English frigate. At one
time she was supposed to have been lost in the
wild ocean, alone. At another blown up by the
accidental ignition of her magazines. History
being silent upon the subject, the pen of imagina-
tion must trace her last moments.

It was an awful night in the South Atlantic—
the waves leapt in mighty masses, like spectre
knights in dusky armor. Loud rolled the thun-
der of heaven, and around the horizon the light-
ening like the tongues of a thousand adders fork-
ed in air, or wreathed around the magazines of
hail, that reared their pale blue bodies upon the
bosom of the storm. The wind swept in one un-
broken howl, and the din of the dashing waters
completed the dreadful music of the elemental
war.

Not a sail was to be seen. It seemed as
though man had left the ocean in its majesty to
his God, while the clouds and darkness, the
whirlwind and the water-spout, the lightning
and the deepmounded thunder gave terrific evi-
dence of the presence of the Creator! But,
hark! A cannon faintly echoes! see a pale se-
pulchral light faintly glares upon the deep!—
And now with the velocity of the wounded whale,
a sloop of war with her sails in strips, her spars
twisted, splintered, and broken, her bulwarks
partly carried away, her rudder gone, comes
down before the wind. She falls off from her
course—now she buries her head in foam, and
now her stern seems fast disappearing in the hol-
low of the deep. Sea after sea rolls over her
deck, and the seamen dashed to her sides seem
waiting the hour of near destruction.

The commander at the wheel with his brazen
trumpet, is silent. His eye flashes like that of
the chained eagle, as he scans the deep. A few
hours more and the vessel must founder at sea.—
Her banner still floats in ribbons at her peak; a
faint light gleams from her starboard binnacle
and the signal bell tolls sadly as the vessel as
is thrown from broadside to broadside upon the
sideling waves.

The storm abates! The fierceness of the blast
is gone! The sea rolls in gentle billows, and
the heavens shower darkness instead of forked
fire. A temporary rudder is rigged—a storm
sail is set—the wreck of spars is cleared away.
The rolling guns are choked with ham-
mocks from the nettles, and the ports are closed.
"Hail! my brave fellows," thundered the com-
mander, "we are safe. Reily, Tillinghast, and
Barry, no! you have stood the test of this war
of nature. All hands save ship!"
"All hands," shouted the first Lieut.

"Tumble up, tumble up," cried the boatswain's
mate below.
And now the weary crew are upon deck.—
Those who are lashed, cut their seizings as if by
magic. Grasping axes, the officers spring to the
tops and work with their undaunted men.—
The shattered topmasts are replaced, new sails
are bent, and already the distressed bark begins
to wear the appearance of a ship of war. But,
hark!—from the northwest a rushing sound is
heard! A bright bow rears itself from the edge
of the horizon! And from the centre of that
arch of fire, a flash of lightning followed by an
instantaneous crash, blinds the eyes of the an-
xious leader and his busy crew. In a moment
more, the fierce torrent strikes the ship back—
from the top of a giant billow it hurls her down.
A huge abyss yawns to receive her—and with
her mainmast blazing with the lightnings fire,
and here tattered stars gleaming amidst the lurid
glare down to the ocean's sepulchre sinks the gal-
lant Wasp, with her immortal Blakely and his
matchless crew.

One wild wail now rings along the solitary
sea; it dies in echoes far away. The wind howls
sadly in its fury—the waves leap in majesty
around—the thunder peal answers the roar of the
billow, and the dead sleep in their coffin of glory
in sweet forgetfulness.

D. CLAGETT & CO.,
DEALERS IN FANCY AND STAPLE DRY
GOODS, CAPS, PETTING, OIL CLOTHS,
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Corner of 9th street & Penn. Avenue,
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Nov. 4 11-1

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DEALER IN LUMBER, WOOD, COAL, LIME
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Nov. 4 2-

**ENGRAVING AND COPPERPLATE
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Pennsylvania Avenue, between 1st and 2d streets,
near the Capitol.
N. B. Engraving on Wood. Nov. 4-5

HORSE AND CATTLE AUCTION.—Regular
sales of HORSES and CATTLE will be held
at the Centre Market space, every Tuesday, Thurs-
day, and Saturday morning, commencing at nine
o'clock.
B. HOMANS, Auctioneer.
dec 20-45

BEERS' TEMPERANCE HOTEL,
Third street, north of Pennsylvania Ave-
nue and near the Railroad Depot.
WASHINGTON, D. C.
Prices to suit the times.
Nov. 4-5

LIME, LIME!—Just received, 700 bushels of as
good Lime as can be purchased in the Dis-
trict. Also, a fresh supply of seasoned select Cut-
tings, 8-4, 4-4, and 6-4 White Pine; together with
a first-rate lot of Cherry and Mahogany Hand-rail
Stuff.
Also on hand, a general supply of building mate-
rials.
All of which will be sold on reasonable terms
for cash or to punctual customers. Apply at
HARKNESS & PURDY'S
Lumber Yard, 7th street, near the Canal.
Nov 20-

LUMBER, LIME, AND CEMENT.
TIME subscribers have now, and intend to keep,
constantly on hand, an assortment of LUM-
BER, LIME and CEMENT, suitable for building,
which will be sold at all times low for cash, or
very short paper.
WARD & LENMAN.
Jan. 24, 1846—11

HUNT'S MERCHANTS' MAGAZINE,

AND
COMMERCIAL REVIEW.

BY FREEMAN HUNT, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
Published monthly, at 142 Fulton street, New York,
at Five Dollars per annum, in advance.

The Merchants' Magazine and Commercial Re-
view, embraces every subject connected with Com-
merce, Manufactures and Political Economy, as
follows: Commercial Legislation; Commercial His-
tory and Geography; Mercantile Biography; Des-
criptive, Statistical and Historical Accounts, of
the various commodities which form the subject of
Mercantile transactions; Port Charges; Tariffs;
Customs and Excise Regulations; Commercial Sta-
tistics of the United States and the different coun-
tries of the world, with which we have intercourse,
including their Physical Character, Population, Pro-
ductions, Exports, Imports, Seaports, Monies,
Weights, Measures, Finance and Banking Associa-
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embracing Fisheries, Incorporated Companies,
Railroads, Canals, Steamboats, Docks, Post Offices,
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ing, with Practical and Historical Details and Il-
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Reports and Decisions of Courts in the United
States and Europe, including Insurance, Partner-
ship, Principal and Agent, Bills of Exchange, Sales,
Guaranty, Bankruptcy, Shipping and Navigation,
&c., and whatever else shall tend to develop the
resources of the country and the world, and il-
lustrate the various topics bearing upon Commerce and
Commercial Literature.

It has been, and will continue to be, the aim of
the Editor and Proprietor of the Merchants' Maga-
zine, to avoid everything of a party, political, or
sectional bias or bearing, in the conduct of the
work—opening its pages to the free and fair dis-
cussion of antagonistic doctrines connected with
the great interests of Commerce, Agriculture,
Manufactures and the Currency.

Complete sets of the Merchants' Magazine,
embracing 12 semi-annual volumes, of about 600
large octavo pages each, bringing it down to June,
1844, inclusive, may be obtained at the Publisher's
Office, 142 Fulton street, New York, at the sub-
scription price.

Publishers of newspapers in the United
States, by giving this advertisement two or three
insertions and remitting Two Dollars to the Prop-
rietor, will be entitled to the Magazine for one
year.

Office of Merchants' Magazine, August 1, 1845.
dec 18-

JOHN CONNELLY.

CHEAP CABINET, SOFA, AND CHAIR MAN
UFACTURER AND UNDERTAKER.

Seventh st. between H and I sts. Washington City.
He informs his friends and the public, that he is
prepared to execute all orders in the above busi-
ness, with which he may be favored. He hopes to
receive a liberal share of public patronage.
N. B.—Funerals attended to at the shortest no-
tice, and on the most reasonable terms, warranted
to give satisfaction. Nov. 4-45

NOTICE TO THE AFFLICTED WITH LAMENESS.

D. R. WATERMAN SWEET, Natural Bone
Setter, from Amsterdam, Montgomery co.,
N. Y., will be at Coleman's Hotel a few days
to attend to all who are afflicted with Lameness.
He is in Norfolk, Va.

WAR! WAR! WAR!!!

THE WAR OF FOUR THOUSAND YEARS;
Being a Connected History of the Various
Efforts Made to Suppress the Vice of In-
temperance in all Ages of the World;
from the Foundation of the Class of Naz-
aries, by Moses, to the Institution of the
Order of the Sons of Temperance, inclu-
sive; with a Full Account of the Origin,
Progress, and Present Prospects of the
Latter Institution. By P. S. WHITE & H.
R. PLEASANTS. Philadelphia: Griffin and
Simon, 114 North Third-street. 1846.

Contents.—Book I, Chapter I, Division
of the Work; Chapter II, Wines of An-
tiquity; Chapter III, Wine an Agricultural
Product; Chapter IV, Wine, when spoken
of as a Blessing in the Old Testament;
Chapter V, Wine, when spoken of as a
Blessing in the New Testament; Chapter
VI, Wine Denounced as a Curse in the Old
Testament; Chapter VII, Wine Denounced
in the New Testament; Book II, Chapter
I, Temperance among the Heathens; Chap-
ter II, Rome; Book III, Chapter I, Imperial
Rome; Chapter II, Transalpine Nations;
Chapter III, The Discovery of Alcohol;
Chapter IV, Ardent Spirits; Chapter V, In-
temperance in Connection with the Church;
Chapter VI, Efforts to Suppress Intemper-
ance from the Apostles to the year 1800;
Book IV, Chapter I, Origin and Progress of
Temperance Societies down to the year
1833; Chapter II, From 1833 to the end of
1834; Chapter III, Includes the Years 1835
and 1836; Chapter IV, Includes 1837 and
1838; Chapter V, Includes 1839; Chapter
VI, The Washingtonian Movement; Chap-
ter VII, Sons of Temperance, Conclusion;
Appendix, No. 1, Extracts from Columella;
Appendix, No. 2, Noah's Letter, &c.

We cordially recommend the above work
to the temperance public.

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